

Bellefonte, Pa., May 6, 1982.

MOTHER

Some women have climbed to the heights later. of fame, Where only a few can go, years."

Giners have stayed in a little home Where gardens and children grow. And sewed on buttons, and .spread on jam,

"And if I succeeded?"

"Thanks," she drawled.

"What a dirty trick!"

eyes half closed.

shrewd glance.

'Who's Eleanor ?"

"Maybe," he conceded.

tiful thing you ever saw."

"Younger sister. The most beau-

"No, she's too young," Dane went

frowned. "And it's a mad idea."

He stood before her, waiting.

"Please! You will, won't you?"

"I wouldn't do it for money!"

understand," he said, after a pause.

"It won't work," she warned.

"Oh, I don't know. Perhaps B-

"Write it down for me. By the

"You'll need the right clothes if

you're going to stampede Stan. Get

everything evening gowns, sports clothes, bathing suits. You'll have to

have everything ready to come out

to the house tomorrow afternoon.

she mused.

on.

of defiance.

office

"But----"

"But-

Stan.

He grinned unabashed.

"He'd forget you in a week."

And cocked and ironed and swept, And worked in the night with weary eyes

While the rest of the family slept. ry that harpy. They've bound up bruises and banished cares.

And thought up golden tales, Sewed baseball gloves for little boys, Made kites and dolls and sails.

And child-size pies and apple tarts That children like to eat, Rewarded by the eager tread Of little, hurrying feet. Worn hats and coats quite out of style, And gone with something less To give a little brown-eyed girl A hat or party dress Stayed home around the evening lamp, While others laughed and played. Shut away the merry scene, And smiled and talked and prayed.

And yet she wants no sympathy For well she always knows There's something more to motherhood Than wearing worn-out clothes. The plaudits of the many That the famous woman hears, Can't rival with the secrets That are whispered in her ears. The gleam of costly jewels And luster of soft furs Can't sparkle like the faces Of the children who are hers.

EXTRA TRICKS

"Miss Carroll, am I right in thinking that you are-well, rather modern and sophisticated, rather uncon-ventional?"

Dane Carroll looked up startled and found Cameron Bruce studying her intently. For a moment her eyes challenged his; then they wavered and dropped back to her open notebook. He had never looked at her like this before.

"What an extraordinary question!" ned. What's the best woman's shop "Most college girls are who go inin New York?" to business."

"I had only one year of college," Gshe reminded him. "But what if I am ?" time you get up there I'll have an

"Then I've got a temporary job account openedfor you at a thousand dollars a week.'

"Wh-a-t?"

"You'd have to come out and live with us at Glenn Cove-it would be perfectly all right," he added. "My invalid aunt is a perfect chaperon.' Dane looked speptical.

"Part of your job would be to cat- And listen, I once heard a clever alogue a few books. There are thou- woman say she never felt sure of

sort of responsible for him since fingers lingered in yours just a mo- They'd be just about getting to the ment longer than absolutely neces- theatre now. He didn't go to the father and mother died and-As he went on, Dane forgot that sary as you helped them out of low- theatre much. No time. No time for slung racing cars. the president of a great mining syn-"I'm terribly sorry I have a date to have a vacation when this was to?" dicate was talking to an employee.

"What makes you think I could in town this evening," he lamented over. Things got too machine-like as they sauntered back to the house. in an office. You never thought of make him walk on my side of the as they sauntered back to the house. street?" she asked when he dropped "I made it before I heard you were heave into his chair twenty minutes coming." back into his chair twenty minutes coming.' "Better hurry. She'll be mad if

"Tve known Stan for twenty-two you're late," she mocked. He blushed. "It's not until later give her a long vacation. Pack her and I've decided not to go in until off to Europe, expenses paid, or something. after dinner."

That meant the black gown, Dane reflected. "Speaking of dinner, I've "That's got to dress."

"Me, too. Think you can find your way around the place now?" "Not as dirty as letting him mar-"Perfectly. There's just one thing

"What's she like?" asked Dane I've missed. Where is the aunt who curiously. She laid her elbows on the chaperons?" "Aunt Mary? Oh, she's been up in desk and was leaning forward, her

her room for months-in a coma. that briefcase! "Dangerous. You'd have no easy Doesn't even recognize her nurse. You don't have to worry about Aunt time of it," he replied, with a strode into the dining room for his Mary," he added reassuringly. "We usual 8 o'clock breakfast he halted never think of her." "Eleanor might be able to do it,"

-" Dane gasped in "You neverhorror and then burst out laughing. into the setaming dishes on the "What's so funny?"

"Your brother said she was a per-Cameron looked at Dane speculafect chaperon." The black frock must have done tively. Fluffy golden-red hair, heavy

dark eye-lashes veiling very deep its work, for it was an even more reluctant Stanley who departed for blue eyes, a nose turned up just a New York shortly after dinuer. trifle, a mouth full of red curves, a

"Well?" Cameron demanded as small firm chin and a slim neck. Stan's car roared down the river. He'd never been particularly conscious of her appearance before.

Dane dropped back in her chair and lighted a cigarette. "Well?" she countered.

"It's all over allready. In a week "Can't let a kid go to a party I'll be able to buy her off. Dependlike this. But I haven't got the right clothes." She shook her head and able chap, Stan."

"He's a dear. I like him."

Well, your prey has escaped for the evening, so you've nothing to do but amuse yourself." He rose. "Win "It wouldn't work." It was a cry you excuse me? I've got work to do.'

Dane rose abruptly and crossed to "Of course." Dane inclined her the window. For perhaps two min- head gravely. utes she stood there motionless.

She gazed reflectively down at her When she turned her face was flushlow-cut, clinging gown, examined her ed and her eyes were excited. "All right," she said. "On one condition. carefully poushed fingernails, sur- finally blurted out. veyed her ankles in the sheerest No money, not even my regular chiffon she'd ever worn. Then, with salary while I'm away from the a shrug, she rose and began roam- blithe greeting from the doorway. ing around the big library.

'All dressed up, and nothing to Cameron looked at her gravely. "I ed with a grimace. Lucky librari-ans like to read." "Oh.

"Where's Miss Carroll?" Cameron "It will! I have everything plandemanded as he stamped into the front hall the next afternoon.

"With Mr. Stanley on the tennis court. Did you forget your briefcase, sir?" asked Mason in a puzzled voice.

"No," Cameron replied sharply. "Bring cocktails down to the court." He could hear her clear laugh as you.' he approached, the tong of a driving

racket, and then through the trees he caught a glimpse of her flying white figure. "Hallo, Bruce! You're home early,"

called Stanley. "Thirty-fifteen."

sands in the library. The other part herself unless she were perfectly gayly and dropped back for her tion,

"New York." She grinned as she gently. "But, you see, those things slipped down behind the whee:. "H-m-m. First time since your anything. But that girl would have first night, isn't it? What's he up

lady who's been bombarding him ognized as one of the most brilwith telegrams. He won't answer the liantly successful men of your gentelephone any more, you know." "This is a swell car." Stanley on his ear. Any one could

"How old are you?" see the sort of person she was. He'd She glanced around quizzically and depressing things and swim," then turned back to the road. said. "Twenty-two."

"Same as Stan," he muttered. books she had out on the floor and turned a few of them over with his old are you-as long as we're telling The question developed an ages?" foot. Then he crossed to the table impudent lilt. and examined the cards she'd been

gan to ponder over the fact that for stopped. "You like Stan a good deal, ing. It was clear and strong. Charthree days she had not mentioned don't you?" he demanded. Stan except in reply to direct ques-Well, he might as well read. What a fool he'd been not to bring home tions

As they turned into the drive he roused himself. "How about swim-The next morning when Cameron ming?"

"Who?" You and Me?"

"Of course. Who else?" in surprise, for a slim figure in gay striped linen was curiously poking little smile.

"Afterward we might try out the sideboard. It had been scarcely four hours since he had heard Stanley's new speedboat-I haven't been in her yet," he added, almost as though

an explanation were needed.

"I can't tell which is hotter, the de Forrest." wood under me or the sun over me," observed Cameron haif an hour later ed. "Did she take it like a lady?" as he stretched himself out full length on the dock.

Dane regarded him silently as Bruce.' she peeled off her beach pajamas. She was wondering how a man who sue?" Stan nodded miserably. apparently spent all his time work-

ing kept his body in such perfect dence she needs, I suppose?" shape. "Say, this is grand," he grunted,

"I'd advise you to look at my

bathing suit carefully." His eyes opened on a golden brown body in a wisp of black quite unabashedly standing there for inbrother sourly. "May I ask what spection. He looked at her deliberdo but amuse myself," she mutter- gets you up four hours earlier than ately, silently. Then something in his expression broke through her nonchalance. It's-it's the only

Cameron shielded himself behind thing that didn't cost a small forbeside him. "Have you been noticing

replied, realizing "I'll never forget that day," yourself. I myself spent most of the mused. "To buy, and buy, and buy, night answering telephone calls for and never ask a price! It was the most exciting thing I've ever done.

And knowing what everyone was ever lived!" thinking as I charged everything to

"What do you mean?" "You don't suppose they thought

twitching and he flushed. Swiftly he I was your daughter, do you?" she asked coolly. "Oh, I never thought of anything

naven't happened to come my way." "Have you looked for them?

"Sometimes I think I have."

Dane was staring out across the "Guess he's got business with the water, brooding. "At 35 you're receration, but I think you're the loneliest man I've ever known."

Cameron flinched. "Let's forget

An hour and a half later as they reached the house he turned to her "One month younger. And how diffidently. "You're going out again tonight, I suppose?"

"Would you rather we didn't?" "No, of course not. Why should "Thirty-five," he snapped, and be- I?" Then he faced her squarely and "And if I do?"

He shrugged. "Nothing. I just remembered your threat of marrying into the family."

"Would you object?" she asked lightly.

"Have you really fallen in love?" "I'd love to," she murmured with The question was so harsh that it seemed almost a statement.

Her deep blue eyes reurned his keen gaze steadily. "Yes." she said. Cameron wheeled and entered the house. At the threshold of his private The words were commonplace, but study he halted. There, stretched out Dane received so sharp an impres- in a big chair, apparenly exhausted sion of something wistful and not and very fagged, was Stan. Cameraltogether happy in his voice that she had a sudden impulse to reach out for his hand. "All right, we'll try out the new speedboat," she "Tve been waiting for you," he

"I've been waiting for you," blurted out. "It's all off with Gloria

"Congratulations," Cameron drawl-"Well-not exactly. I guess you

were right about her after all, "Heart's broken and threatens to

"She's got all the letters and evi-

"I'm nothing but a damn fool." It

was a groan. "H-m-m. Well, you don't want another suit right now. Telephone

her and tell her to come in and see me at the office Monday morning --without a lawyer."

"You're the swellest guy that ever lived, Bruce."

"In my own way I'm a bigger fool than you are, my lad. Get out, now. I've got things to do. If you're looking for Miss Carroll, she's probably his morning paper and listened with tune," she explained, dropping down in the library," he added in a gruff voice.

"I suppose," Dane greeted Stan pensively when he found her a moment later, "the reason your brother is so pitifully and stupidly blind is that he's lived so long in the Stygian darkness of his mines." "Bruce is the greatest person who

"Really?" she mocked, lifting an eyebrow. "Did you have a nice time in town, darling?"

'No. Come on, I need cocktails. Having waited half an hour, Danc rang for Mason. It was half-past 9 and she was hungry. Mason, I ought breakfast was at 9 on Sunday. What's happened to your lord and master?" "Mr. Bruce went off an hour ago, Miss Carroll, in the roadster." Dane frowned. "Say when he'd be "Not until late tonight."

here at breakfast." Silence. 'Good morning, children-" came a

growing irritation to their gay chatter about the preceding evening, my clothes?" Finally he slapped his paper down "I have," he replied, real with a savage smack and started with a shock that it was true. for the door. "I'm glad you enjoyed

'Some girl called you from New York five times between 11:30 and you!"

Stanley noticed Dane's mouth Dane Carroll waved her racket took up the interrupted conversa-

car being put away in the garage. "Good morning, Mr. Bruce." "You're early-considering the hour you got in," he growled. "Oh, we had a marvelous time! We went dancing after the theatre. But waking up early seems to have become a habit." He poured himself a full tumbler of iced orange juice and sat down said.

He wandered over to the pile of

filling out. He knew her handwrit-

acter there.

at the table. "How do you take your coffee?" she asked from the sideboard.

"Cream, no sugar," he admitted grudgingly. "There seems to be kidneys and

scrambled eggs here. Which do you want?' "Neither," he snapped. "Sit down, sit down! People wait on themselves

"I'm sorry I was rude," Cameron closing his eyes.

Dane answered with a grin,

Cameron turned and regarded his

"Oh, nothing. Just happened."

"Huh ?"

would be to make my brother Stan forget his fiancee." "I see. It's a joke." She smiled in-

dulgently. 'Joke, hell!" Cameron retorted, tossing a newspaper clipping across

the desk, "Look at that." cipnered an underlined sentence of boy and a million dollar purse." Broadway jargon. "An announceof your prother's approaching mar- "I'll buy the whole damm shop." riage to Gloria de Forrest," she murmured in an uncertain voice. "I think I've heard of her."

"Too many people seem to know that Stan has a million of his own and is highly susceptible," complain- desk. ed Cameron bitterly. "He's been sued for breach of promise twice in Bruce, have you considered the posthree years."

"You don't approve of the latest like Stanley?" fiancee?" It was a polite suggestion.

side." chorus.'

Cameron snorted. "I've just come from her apartment. She paints her finger nails to match her pajamas!"

Dane's shoulders began to tremble. She bit her lip desperately. Then she "I-m-m sorry, Mr. Bruce," she driveway late the next afternoon. gasped.

He glared. It's no laughing matter. This isn't just breach of promise. The boy's gone crazy, she's an angel, and he's going to marry her."

"Can't you buy her off?"

"When she knows she can marry a million dollars?" he jeered. "Does all this mean you were seri-

ous-about me?" demanded Dane. Before Cameron replied he filled

and lit a huge briar pipe. Then he fessed. swung back on his secretary. "Have you ever heard the old proverb, presently if you want to join us." 'Fight fire with fire'?" "In ten minutes.

She nodded.

time I'm going to save a kid brother from ruining years of his life. Or, Cameron announced casually. rather, you are."

Dane looked at him queerly. "Mr. Bruce, I couldn't do what you want surprise on his face. me to-even if it were possible."

cleuds of smoke. don't know many women in New York. The two years I've been in she explained. telligent enough, and yet whom I ed out of the room. up against it. Ever see Stan?"

he ?"

"No. Stan doesn't like offices," he subtle perfume; and he suspected, stretched out in that chair by the

means you get the most expensive stockings you can buy and-everything else. Understand ?" She nodded weakly. "But all this will cost -----"

dressed from the skin out. That

"What are a few thousand dol-Dane picked up a cupping from a lors?" he burst in. "If you run secmorning tabloid and curiously :le- ond that gold-digger wins a grand "All right," cried Dane reckless!y. Cameron grinned. "Good! Now get going. By the time you have your hat on I'll have a check ready to cover everything you can't get at

the clothes place." He turned to his At the door she hesitated. "Mr.

sibility of my-well, my getting to match."

Every one "Oh, you'll like him. "Look at her picture-there at the does," he muttered absently.

lenging.

would," he snorted. "I'm busy. Stop started for the house. bothering me. Send Miss Evans in."

the porch of the great rambling burst into irrepressible laughter. house as the car swept Dane up the ly. He frowned over her one suitcase.

"Fretty light gun for this kind of ses," she murmured. hunting." "Don't worry. There's a cannon at

the station,' she retorted. "Good. Mason will show you your

room. We'll be dining alone tonight. Stanley doesn't seem particularly impressed by librarians yet and made an engagement in town."

"I'm a little frightened," she con-"There'll be cocktails in the library

"In ten minutes.

It was less than that when Dane "It works. In a prairie fire out halted at the library door. The man West I once saved a ranch and 200 standing by Cameron was nice lookhorses by fighting fire with fire. This ing, brown, with curly hair and gay. 'Miss Carroll, this is my brother,"

Swiftly crossing the room, he held Cameron began to pace up and out his hand with a boyish grin. "I silence. down, filling the office with dense saw a librarian once, but she wore "Miss Carroll, I spectacles and was very dusty." "I haven't been a librarian long," the East have been mostly spent in this office, working. When I asked telephone calls, Give Miss Carroll a "Stan, I've got to make some trees. myself whom I could find to get cocktail, and you might show her It's getting late," Stanley called. Stan out of the damnable mess he's around the place a bit, if you have in, some one attractive enough, in- time," Cameron suggested and stalk- manded.

could trust absolutely, I couldn't The next hour Stanley devoted to for dinner and a show." think of any one but you. It's rather a study of librarians. He discovered a decent compliment, if you think it that they played tennis, swam and on." He rose and left them. over. I've not asked a woman for adored dancing, that they walked 'He's never been in the office, has looked up at you through black eye-

observed dryly. "You see, I've been though he wasn't sure, that their fireplace, white and black and gold, with Stan?" he asked ironically.

ought to take it up again. When the elaborately casual. devil did she find time to play? Guiltily he remembered that she club and dance." hadn't a vacation for two years. "My secretaries always take their dinner then." vacations when I take mine," he had Dane regarded the empty doorway said when he engaged her. But ne with a frown. had forgotten to tell her that he ever been interested in anything exrarely took vacations. She covered cept work-women, for instance?" that court like a young panther. she asked abruptly.

A hard-fought set over, they dropped down exhausted on the grass beside him. He poured Dane a cocktail.

"Cigarette ?"

"Not quite yet," she panted. "I'd say Stan had about met his

She grinned.

"Who's got a match?" lemanded Stan, No one had, "Damn! That "H-m-m. What lovely legs. Well, there are lots of nice girls in the self?" Her voice was cool and chal-bells around the garden, Bruce?" bells around the garden, Bruce?" "Try rubbing two sticks together."

"You undoubtedly could and Dane suggested as Stan rose and

Cameron watched him out of ear-Cameron Bruce was loitering on shot. "Still think you won't make your contract?" he asked sardonical-

"I might-with a couple of fines- the room.

"What happened today?"

"Well, he seems very much interested in books-----Cameron snorted.

-and helped me this morning you?" We had a lovely

in the library. We had a low luncheon out in the garden. wouldn't let me go back to the library; said you'd told him not to tell her about it myself some time." let me work too hard in the heat. It was very thoughtful of you, Mr. and Cameron burst out laughing. Bruce," she added demurely. "That's grand."

Dane looked up puzzled. His tone had not been overenthusiastic. "What makes you think he won't she poured his coffee. go back to Gloria when I disappear ?"

"Because sho will have given her- one at breakfast. On Saturday morn-As Stanley turned toward her self dead away, and Stan has plenty ing he did not even pick up his Dane almost laughed at, the open of pride if he hasn't got any brains." paper until he suddenly became self-"Is Miss Evans taking care of you

ed "If I'd known---'

"Sh-h."

"We're going to motor into town

"Oh! Well, I guess I'll be

help often-wouldn't now if I weren't with a lithe, swinging grace, that the first time in years, Cameron they could be disturbing when they Bruce was actually conscious of the fact that he was alone in a room. lashes, that they used strange and Last night Dane Carroll had been

A moment later Cameron reap- like that!" She could serve, too, Cameron peared "Stan, if you're going to be

"No, you wouldn't," she sighed. noticed. And that lob! He used to be here this evening we might get a "Have you ever decided what you're pretty good himself. Perhaps he fourth in for bridge." His voice was going to do with this trousseau when my job's over?"

"I thought we'd go over to the "What I'm going to do with it?" "Of course. It belongs to you." back?" "Oh! well. I may stay in town for She looked at him mischievously. "Not "Not "Any

"Maybe your Aunt Mary-"You're leaning over backward, "Has your brother aren't you?" Dane shook her head. "You could

sell the dresses for quite a lot." "I'm not in the old clothes busi-

ness! Throw everything away." "Maybe my sister Eleanor could wear some of the things. She's quite shameless about such matters."

'Oh, yes, the beautiful sister. All right, dump everything on her. "H-m-m. Nevertheless, I begin to By the way, did Stan actually tell you why he was going to New York?" "He didn't have to. But you need-

Cameron frowned.

draw," he growled.

for ?"

"Yeah?"

"Why so disapproving?"

"I don't like the picture you

"May I ask how I'm to captivate

your brother almost overnight except

by using what sex appeal I happen

to have?" she demanded flippantly.

"What did you bring me out here

Dane became serious. "You know

Her eyes flashed at his cynical

if the right woman got hold of Stan

she could make a lot out of him."

skepticism. "You're not fair to nim!"

she cried. "Whose fault is it he's

never done a stroke of work? You

made Stan what he is. You gave a

"The stock was only worth ten

"And as far as I can see, you've

I've been unpardonably rude."

"Stop biting your lip and go on."

"Well, you're a machine,"

not fair-to yourself. There

other things in the world that

"I don't like it," he repeated.

Dane observed. "What do you mean?"

"Cam?" Stanley laughed. "Oh, no,

He wouldn't know what a woman

was if he saw one coming down the

street. He's buried alive in his mines,

suspect that things may work out,"

twenty-four hours a day."

n't worry about what's happening to him. I did my best to-well, for-She looked at him blandly. "Why, the first evening here it all seemed tify him this morning before he left. quite hopeless. He didn't seem to I think the memory of his last few have the slightest interest in what minutes with me may linger on for I really came down here to do. But a few hours." Dane smiled reministhis morning I'm positively optimiscently. tic. We're going to discuss the library work every morning at breakfast."

"Good heavens! This will be my last early appearance then. Say, excuse me a minute!" He tore out of

He overtook Cameron at the front door. "Say, Bruce, for the love of heav-

en, don't let Dane, Miss Carroll, know anything about the girl, will

"You mean your fiancee?" Camer-He on asked coldly.

"Yes. You see-well, I'd rather No ill humor could survive that "All right, Stan. You tell her. So long.

Thursday morning Cameron 10-year-old kid a million dollars thanked Dane, when without a word outright to play with!"

thousand then," he protested. Friday morning he decided it was rather pleasant to chat with somenever paid much attention to him except to get him out of trouble once he was in," Dane went on heatedly. "How many boys would work conscious with the realization that if they didn't have to? You, at the office?" she asked after a he was no longer thinking of this live for work. It's your whole life. girl as an unusually efficient secre-But there are not many like you. "Miss Evans is a fool," he explod- tary in severe, tailored black. He was thinking of an agile figure in a And I'm not sure you're soscant white tennis dress, of a provo-Suddenly she caught herself up, and A gay whistle came through the cative outline of black silk and white looked at him aghast. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Bruce. I forgot myself. shoulders against a blood-red chair, "Hey, Dane! We'd better dress. of the sharp gray silhouette against the dining-room window he had make some personal remarks about "Late for what?" Cameron de- found waiting for him that morning. me, weren't you?" he grinned and That noon when he stepped off the his eyes twinkled as he waited for train at Glenn Cove he looked around for his chauffeur in vain. Then her answer. he saw Dane. She was standing on the seat of his own runabout wayblurted out defiantly. "You've given That evening in the library, for ing to him. The wind was blowing up everything else for those mines. her red hair about her face. You've forgotten how to play. It's

"What are you doing here?" he demanded. "Meeting you." "You drive. What have you done

count." "Of course there are," he agreed "Any-any message?"

"No, Miss Carroll, except to order breakfast a half hour early for tomorrow-is that all?"

Dane nodded absently and poured her coffee.

At 10 o'clock that night when she told Stan she had a headache and went to bed, Cameron had not returned. But, having carefully set her alarm clock ahead half an hour, she was gazing out of the dining room. window when she heard his step at 7:30 the next morning. She heard

him hesitate at the door. "Good morning," came a stiff

greeting. She turned with a grin. "We both seem to be early."

"Yes. It's going to be hot today." Cameron strode over to the sideboard poured his orange juice, his coffee, and took them both to his place.

Dane watched him in silence and then carried her own breakfast to the table.

Presently she looked up. . "Stan asked me to marry him yesterday," she announced.

"I suppose I'd better begin calling you 'Dane'," he remarked at last. There's no reason why you

shouldn't she replied gravely.

"I'll clean up the de Forrest affair today so there won't be anything to worry about," he went on in the same even voice.

Dane frowned. "I should think you'd be pleased, the way things have turned out. Isn't everything all right?"

Cameron's jaw tightened. "You know I think he's damn lucky. You'll make something out of him if any one can." After a pause he went on even more brusquely: "I'll do everything I can to help you both. I do a lot of snarling, but that kid's all I've got-and-and I think a good deal of you."

"I didn't say I was marrying Stan."

"What?"

in town. She-

"No."

said-

love with Stan?"

she

are

"I refused him. Oh, you needn't feel sorry for Stan," she went on, coolly, misunderstanding Cameron's blank look. "Three hours after I broke his heart he found himself another playmate." "Go on. You were just about to

"Oh, Eleanor blew in to see me

"Damn Elenaor!" Aren't you in

"But Saturday afternoon you

stared at her. Then he rose violent-

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He

Cameron stopped suddenly.

yesterday afternoon. I told you about

her. They're dining together tonight

"I don't understand."